What about the MS? I shall have this
on my hands at Monks
31 May
1933

I forgot what time we're all to meet
tomorrow - but now Nessa rings up & says
you have put her off on account of cold. Very very
sorry indeed, but imagine it sent by the Spirit
to remind you in your story of your sleek. How
like your God — that very interfering God
Anglo-Indian butler. But hope to meet
in this world soon.

Wednesday.

VWoolf

Monks House WTuesday 6th June. 1933

It is far too hot to give any sensible cohrenet criticism of your paper; so pleease take what follows as provisional merely--notes merely; but I had better write/ afterwards after reading, or my mind will blur.

Yes, I think its well worth saying--well worth printing. I think much of it very convincing, interesting, forcible. I mean by 'much of it' all the impersonal objective part. I mean the facts about education. I think they could not be more tactfully, more persuasively better put. And noone I expect has any notion of them. I am sure they are valuable in the extreme.

I hesitate to go on to criticism; because as you will guess what I criticise is what you say to be necessary--that is the autobiography. I hate it. I dont think it adds any thing to what you have said. I think the peronal details immensely dimiinsih the power of the rest. Because one feels ----but I wont go on; for I am awa e that I may be prejudiced. I hate any writer to talk about himself; anonymity I adore. And this may be an obsession. I blush, I fidget, I turn hot and cold. I want to pull the curtain over this side away.

My other objection--to have done with them-- is to the Unknown Champion and the Statistics.

This is largely on aesthetic grounds. I dont think you realise how nauseating press cuttings are-- how nobody can read them, served up cold; or if they do, the whole effect of the writing, as a rounded and designed building, is frittered away and teased--~~Look how Miss Holtby breaks up the design~~. And those horrid little private letters-- I call them 'horrid' because coming in the middle of your long rolling breakers, for which you have such a gift, they affect me with sea sickness. And the dates and the facts--nobody can keep them in mind; it is like the chtter of the parrot house at the Zoo to me. Couldnt you sum the whole thing up, first by saying 'See The Burning of Boats;' then a note to the effect that you have private letters which show another side--if you feel that you must give details of your personal lot.

I know you have good reasons for feeling that you must; I repeat, my dislike of the personal, in argument, may be fantastic. And soberly, I think you weaken your case by ~~bining~~ basing in VW. I have ventured to put a couple of brackets to show how she could be ~~castrated~~ omitted with advantage. Oh a little ~~a~~ mutual admiration society! a nest of freinds, people will say. // Now for a few minor points that struck my critical ear; I do not like the title It seems to me facetious when you mean to be serious.

And its diffuse.

page 3... angelicaness ~~and~~x but reasonableness--
a jingle to me; and a mouthful; why not something
like 'it is not owing to inherent goodness of
heart, but to reason" This is a very small
point.

page 4...differently ~~66~~ to --should be from --to
my ear. This happens again somehwere.

page 7...I hate your (?!) No no-- never put
two different exclamation marks together while I
ak within one hunred miles.

General criticism; Too diffuse. I think you
want to leave out tempting digressions-- Bayliss
for instance. And I think you are on thin ice when
you speak of the Gang--one feels you mean the word
in a bad sense; and so father it on to other people
when its you who call them a gang. It seems to me
you must say straight out, this is an abominable
set of humbugs, or words to that effect;
not "I call them a gang because other people do."
It's like ringing the bell and running away;
to slip in a very damning indictment and then to
gloss it over. Here I may be wrong. Its the
heat. But I felt this as I read.
Well then, what it comes to is thatI ~~should~~ like
it more muscular; drained of water; shorter;
terser, less --well, you know what I mean when I
talk of the eldritch shriek.

(In the other hand you [illegible] a swing a ~~swing~~ a reckless by taking your [illegible] as [illegible] P.S.)

P 20

Finally I like immensely the imaginative and tranquil end; the suggestive end; the Pacific and the Hebrides. That's what I call persuasion. In fact I think, even though I'm dripping with heat--oh I had to go round a summer garden with my mother in law, admiring rhododendrons with 500 old Sussex country ladies-- with heat, I was saying that there are the bones and flesh and sinew of a very important statement in this; yet feel that they have not taken on perfect shape; bones flesh sinew in one ~~shape~~ body. Yet I feel reluctant to make this remark, because as I say, my whole bent is away and away and ever so far ~~xxx~~ay from Ethel Smyth, Lilian Bayliss, Virginia Woolf. I hate ~~peresnal~~ personal snippets more and more. And the mention of 'I' is so potent-- such a drug, such a deep violet stain--that one in a page is enough to colour w a chapter. Enough. I ~~xxx~~will send this off with the MS now as we have to go into Lewes. But please take literally my caution--these are the roughest, most off hand jerks ; no doubt, if I read it again I shall see it in much truer perspective. Now I must stop. Yours V.

52 Tedy
Wedy

June 7. 1933

I want critical criticism, as well as literary, criticism, in fact. Only that I liked it very much.

Yes. I have just heard it (I forget the name) & like it very much. Yes, it's just true — after 4 or 5 times of hearing, an impression begins to come through. I accept this one of your points. And I am therefore made to reflect once more that I was almost certainly patchy, imperfect, too black. too what you mean by my remarks on fever anticipated. I'm rather worried to hear, and thought, on the telephone that you intend altering so much as a word, solely on my account. Please consult Lady B. a Mrs Steel, or some other person: because I read hastily, have a horror of inflicting a cruder judgment than what I have not thoroughly flashed.

I purposely said nothing about

NYPL

Rota B. Y. (3)

seeing you tomorrow — if that was your
suggestion — I've left you letter at
Redmark. I can't be sure — because
I think it would be positively
anti-social for you to take train or
even walk a pavement in this
heat — That was why I said
nothing — But — Come, if you can,
when this heatwave weather
I'm rather glad to be back — too many
memories. Now I have to write more.
Wait & write about coming.
Let me know when it's
Cooler.

V.

~~women [illegible] impersonal--but what it is that they~~
~~can't be. What I handle this sort of thing I~~
~~against them sex--how vain, how shrill, how~~
~~egotistical they are. There. Oh but I should~~
~~not talk of Nancy girls--but that's a mat er of fag~~

Thursday June 8th 1933

June 8th
1933

No I dont think I put my point effectively;

I did not mean that I dislike facts and dates;

What I did mean was--oh dear how silly to tfy

and explain--but my conscience is tender about

writing-- I meant, give all the facts and all

the dates; the more the better; byt let them be

about other people, not E.S. Y My own

longing ~~is~~ in/your article/to escape the individua l.

; and to be told simply, plainly, objectively

" in I880 there wa s not a single woman in an

orchestra; there was not a single teacher of harmony; the expense of going to erlin was

I65 pound ten; eight women were eductaed partly

by I89I; in I902 Wood took five violinists

women into his orchestra; the number increas d,

~~fe~~l is now--(here a table)...and so on, all the

way through. But to be told My opera was not playe

becasue--My mass was n only played once Elgars

I7 times--- to have to listen to anecdotes,

~~mere~~ly hearsay ~~I men verabl~~ about how some Austrai

said some conductor ought to be very ~~pro~~u proud

of ES makes me feel, and will I think make

any moderately intelligent moderately sensitive

man or woman feel--Oh the womans got a grievance

about herself; Shes unable to think of any one

else. Now I know that this is deliberate on your

part therefore I think you should try to see how very possible it is that your policy is wrong. Leonard to whom I recited passages said exactly the zsame. I dont believe anyone whose hands have lately been dipped in ink can judge this sort of thing---to give an instance; I was wound to a pitch of fury the other day by a reviwers attacks upon a friend of mine to do a thing I have never yet done--to write to a the papers a long letter. (?) Yes said L. when I showed it to him; but itll do more harm than goood; its all about yourself. When a fortnight lateer in cold blood I read it, there was (I) as large, and ugly as could be; thanks to God, I did'nt send it. You will say Oh but I must cite my case because there is no other. But my dear Ethel your case is that there are a thousand others. Leave your own case out of it; theirs will be far far stronger. Enough. I only say this because--- well, I didnt wrote ( ) A room without considerable feeling even you will admit; I'm not cool on the subject. And I forced myself to keep my own figure fictitious, legendary. If I had said, Look here am I uneducated, because my brothers used all the family funds- Well theyd have said; she has an axe to grind; and no one would have taken me seriously, though I agree I should have had many more of the wrong kind of reader; who will read you and go away and

which is the fact

NYPL

Rota 2.4.63

rejoice in the personalitties, not because they are lively and easy reading; but because they prove once more how vain, how personal, so they will say, rubbing their hands with glee, women always are; I can hear them as I write.

One thing more; and silence for ever; Nancy girls to me seems in bad taste. Why? I dont know.

V

Thurs. June 8th 1933

part therefore I think you should try to see how very possible it is that your policy is wrong. Leonard to whom I recited passages said exactly the zsame. I dont believe anyone whose hands have lately been dipped in ink can judge this sort of thing---to give an instance; I was wound to a pitch of fury the other day by a reviwers attacks upon a friend of mine to do a thing I have never yet done--to write to a the papers a long letter. (?) Yes said L. when I showed it to him; but itll do more harm than goood; its all about yourself. When a fortnight later in cold blood I read it, there was I ( ) as large, and ugly as could be; thanks to God, I didnt send it. You will say Oh but I must cite my case because there is no other. But my dear Ethel your case is that there are a thousand others. Leave your own case out of it; theirs will be far far stronger. Enough. I only say this because--- well, I didnt wrote ( ) A room without considerable feeling even you will admit; I'm not cool on the subject. And I forced myself to keep my own figure fictitious, legendary. If I had said, Look here am I uneducated, because my brothers used all the family funds- Well theyd have said; she has an axe to grind; and no one would have taken me seriously, though I agree I should have had many more of the wrong kind of reader; who will read you and go away and

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One thing more; and silence for ever; Nancy girls to me seems in bad taste. Why? I dont know.

V

Thurs. June 8th 1933

25 June
1933

52 T.S.
Sunday.

I'm sorry to have been so bad about writing — at least I think I've never answered your last letter — but London life has been at its worst. And I suppose you're annoyed with me — I'm sure with every reason. I gather you think I was cold the other day when you came: but then you came at 4.30 when I had said 5.30 — prayers for one hour between Ottoline Aurep Bernard Shaw &c: in which to write a letter you ordered to write to the New S. &c &c: however that's over. I was dazed with talk. Second: I gather you think me malevolent. I preach anonymity to you & then hail my portrait in mosaics in the Nat. Gall. Yes: but my stipulation was that it was to be Clio: not V.W. It's not my fault

if Cureg from motives shn own fuei all the
names to the fapers.

NYPL

Rota 2.4.63

But no mou. This is all my petty c
Rovial. And I daresay ju're fugotten by
the time of jour Cold or warm.
And I'm fogotten whether jn mention
jourdy or not in jour artich. So they
ar the moment seems to me to matter
me straw.

But when I thent &
hom Jehindy at a School treat in a
drugh. Listening to children hiking, jour
little creatures, by the hom: with a merkes
hid under a hedge to prompt them.
And tmorrow. to morrow & to morrow —
I fogot Shakespeare: I fugot Everything

Ry. V.

You might, angelically, ring up

Tuesday 11th July 1933

Gr Tavistock Sq. July 11th

Gr Thave been a brute about writing, but then as you never take offence, so you say, I don't care. And I cant take a pen up in completely stiff fingers. What I write now today is that, unexpectedly, Wednesday tomorrow is free; 4·30. Would you like to come then? All other days this week hopeless; next week there might be another: but it's useless asking you when there's Mr. & Mrs. Feisl, or Dorothy Bussy: so I cant promise many free days; just free days. I'm told you rang up about the Letters just as I was reading them: but I went them, agreeing that it would be best